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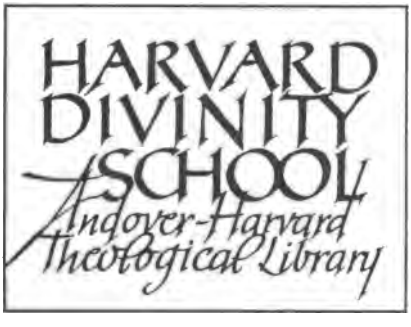
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CHRISTIAN HYMNS

CHRISTIAN HYMNS

'*Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord.*'—EPH. v. 19.

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY

THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

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The marks of expression are intended for the use of the Choir and Congregation in singing: *p*, denotes softly; *m*, at half-voice; *f*, loudly; *cr*, and *dim*, with increasing and decreasing voice.

It is to be observed that each mark continues in force till another occurs.

I

f AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

m Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light divine,
Let thine own light in good works shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
cr That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

ff Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Angels and Saints His name adore!
With praise and joy for evermore.

2

m SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
cr And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine;

m Soon may I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below,
cr And all my powers find sweet employ
In thine eternal world of joy.

3

m O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove:
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

p Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
cr And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

4

f AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

m True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
cr But we rest on the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

m From Him, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink inspiring truth,
Till from the caves of death we rise,
All glorious in immortal youth.

Then as an eagle cleaves the air,
cr We'll mount with joy the heavenly height!
And perfect in His love, possess
Life in the fulness of His Light.

f Almighty God, Thy matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

5

m UP to the throne of God is borne
Our voice of praise this sacred morn,
And He accepts our parting hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim,

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the sabbath hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot;
An altar is in each man's cot;
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

High in the heaven the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

6

m SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
cr Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
f All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

m God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
cr Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

m Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

p And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
cr Then, the mist uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

m We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
p Life is dark without Thee;
cr Death with Thee is bright.

Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

7

m O GOD, Thou art my God alone:
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

More dear than life itself, Thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ,
And to declare Thy truth shall prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

In blessing Thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away,
The praise that to Thy name belongs
With lifted hands I hourly pay.

Thy name, O God, before I sleep,
  Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought,
p Thy presence in the midnight deep,
  Sure comfort to my soul has brought.

cr And when I wake at morn, Thy love
  Is sweeter than the light to me!
O, whom have I in heaven above,
  Or what on earth compared to Thee?

f Therefore awake, my grateful voice!
  O happy heart, awake and sing
Of God, who bids my heart rejoice
  Beneath the shadow of His wing.

8

f O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
  Of us Thy chosen race,
From age to age Thou still hast been
  Our sure abiding-place.

Before Thou brought'st the mountains forth,
  Or framed the day and night;
Thou wert the everlasting God
  In loneliness of light.

m For in Thy sight a thousand years
  Are like to yesterday,
That as a night-watch or a dream
  Has swiftly fled away.

p So teach us, Lord, to number well,
  The days that now have died,
That all the evening of our life
  To wisdom be applied.

f Let Thy bright rays upon us shine ;
Give Thou our work success ;
The glorious work we have in hand,
Do Thou vouchsafe to bless.

9

f CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, revealer of our light,
Son of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near:
Day-star, in my heart appear!

p Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee!
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad mine eyes, and warm my heart.

m Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
cr Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

10

f GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

p The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with myself and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake !

m Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.

ff Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Angels and Saints His name adore !
With praise and joy for evermore.

II

m OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
cr But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

f Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire :
cr But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

m Yet, Lord, to Thy dear Will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine Angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

cr A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
f And songs of Angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

12

m MIGHTY Father, Thou whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain;
Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Sinful thoughts and earthly powers.

Let me sleep to Thee, and wake
With Thy glory in my heart;
That I may Thy life partake
Thy very self to me impart;
So the coming day shall be
Sinless in Thy holy sight,
And from Thine eternity
Borrow all its life and light.

p But if Thou my soul require
Ere I see the morning light,
cr Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire
Perfect me in love to-night.
Finish Thy great work of love,
Deepen it with righteousness,
Open wide the Heavens above,
p Change me, bid me die in peace.

13 S. A. Brooke.

m NOW that Day its wings has furled
And the earth has gone to rest;
p Take me, Shepherd of the world,
dim Home to sleep upon Thy breast.

p All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright;
cr Fill the darkness with the stream
Of Thine everlasting light.

m If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise;
And Thy presence in the air
Make my heart a Paradise.

But if trouble in my heart,
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
p Then to me Thy peace impart;
cr Give to Thy belovèd, sleep.

m So when morning with his wing
Wakens me to work and play,
cr I may rise with joy and sing—
f 'God has turned my night to day.'

14

p NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

m Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
p With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

m Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

p Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

cr When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy Holy Eyes.

15

m GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine Angel-guard defend us,
p Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

m When we in the morn awaken,
Guide us Thy way,
cr Keep our love and truth unshaken
In work and play;
In our daily task be near us,
In temptation keep and hear us,
And with holy counsel cheer us,
The livelong day.

m Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
dim And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
pp All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
cr Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
f But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

16

m ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
dim Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
m O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
cr What but Thy grace can foil temptation's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
f Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
cr Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

p Hold thou the Cross before my closing eyes,
cr Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
f In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

17

m SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

p When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
dim Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast,

m Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
b Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

m If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
p Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

cr Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
f Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

18

m WE rose to-day with anthems sweet,
To sing before the mercy-seat,
And ere the darkness round us fell,
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,
Each upward glance of filial fear,
Each true resolve, each solemn vow,
O Lord, our God, accept them now.

Whate'er beneath Thy searching eyes
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,
dim Mid the sweet stillness while we bow,
All-gracious Lord! forgive us now.

m And teach us erring souls to win,
And hide their multitude of sin;
To tread in Christ's long-suffering way,
And grow more like him day by day.

So as our Sabbaths hasten past,
And rounding years bring nigh the last ;
When sinks the sun behind the hill,
When all the weary wheels stand still ;

dim When by our bed the loved ones weep,
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,
And vain is help or hope from men ;
pp Our Father, O, receive us then.

19

m HEAVENLY Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer,
In the evening stillness, we
Grateful raise our hearts to Thee ;
dim To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.

m Gladly we Thy Presence seek :
Father ! to our spirits speak :
Call us from the world away ;
Still our passions' reckless play ;
On our inner darkness shine ;
Bend our wayward will to Thine.

p In this quiet eventide
May our souls with Thee abide,
Own Thy Presence, feel Thy power,
Through this consecrated hour ;
cr And from peaceful vesper-prayer
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

20

THE twilight falls, the night is near;
We put our work away,
And kneel to Him who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The common story; yet we kneel
To tell it at Thy call,
And cares grow lighter when we feel
Our Father knows them all.

Yes, all! the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The mountain track, the valley bright,
The daily thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all: we lean our head,
Our wearied eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
The way our Father knows.

And He has loved us! all our heart
With answering love is stirred;
And poverty and toil and smart,
Find healing in that word.

So here we lay us down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall;
And lean, confiding on His breast,
Who knows and pities all.

21

m HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray
cr Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

m When youth's brightness disappears,
Heal our sorrows, calm our fears;
Grant us in our later years
cr Light at evening-time.

m Great Life-giver, be Thou nigh
dim When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
cr Light at evening-time.

Then rejoicing more and more,
We shall see, our troubles o'er,
Breaking on the heavenly shore
Light at morning-time.

22

O LORD, who by Thy Presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my guest;
As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.

How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
But if Thy Presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast,
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din:
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

23

m THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
p Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
cr With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

p Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
dim The hopes of earthly love and joy
That one by one depart;
m Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
cr Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

p Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend :
Give us a respite from our toil ;
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
pp O give us now repose.

24

m THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
p The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our years are but an Autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
cr Lead us through Christ, the living way,
f Home, Lord, at last.

m O, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky ;

cr Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
f And thronging Angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall ;
ff Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

25

m THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
cr Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

p As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

m So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest;
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

26

m LORD, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs:
And still where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
p To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

m The poor with heavenly bread were fed,
The homeless found in Thee abode,
The mourners have been comforted;
The pure in heart have seen their God.

cr Yet one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth agree:—
Here may Thy perfect Will be done,
Till there we find our rest in Thee!

27

m THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
cr O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

p This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
cr Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
dim The waves of strife be still.

p This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
cr Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

f This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening Breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

28

m WHERE'ER, O Lord, Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy faithful few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
cr Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

m Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
cr To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

m Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
cr O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

29

m PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise His name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
p Tranquil memory to the dead.

m Part in peace! from sweet reposing,
And with heavenly thoughts refreshed,
In the morn our eyes unclosing,
cr May we bless the Ever-blessed.

m Part in peace! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
cr Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.
Hallelujah!

30

m PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
p Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
cr Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy Saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

m Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High;
p Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

m Happy souls, their praises flow
p In this vale of sin and woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy Throne at length,
p At Thy feet adoring fall,
m Who hast led them safe through all.

p Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
m Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
cr Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

31

m WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God:
In heaven are kept their grateful vows;
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the eternal God to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
Which filled their homes again.

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust;
But here their children pray,
And in this fleeting life-time trust
To find the narrow way.

On him who by the altar stands,
On him Thy blessing fall!
Speak through his lips Thy pure commands,
Thou Heart, that lovest all.

32

HOW lovely are Thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where Thou dost dwell so near.

My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
cr My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for Thee.

p There even the sparrow, freed from wrong,
Hath found a house of rest;
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her brooding nest.

m Happy who in Thy house reside,
Where Thee they ever praise;
Happy whose strength in Thee doth bide,
And in their hearts Thy ways.

cr For one day in Thy courts to be
Is better and more blest
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best.

For God the Lord, both Sun and Shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
m Nor good from them shall be withheld,
Whose ways are just and right.

Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest,
Who only on Thee doth rely,
And in Thee only rest.

33

f ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

m The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

ff O, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

m For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

ff Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Angels and Saints His name adore!
With praise and joy for evermore.

34

PRAISE the Lord of Heaven, praise Him in the height,
Praise Him, all ye angels, praise Him, stars and light;
Praise Him, skies and waters which above the skies,
When His word commanded, 'stablished did arise.

Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all trees;
Praise Him, clouds and vapours, snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling only His desire.

Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings,
ff Praise Him, men and maidens, all created things;
For the Name of God is excellent alone;
Over earth His footstool, over heaven His throne.

35

f STAND up and bless the Lord,
Let young and old rejoice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

m Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

cr O, for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

f God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

36

f O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

m The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

p Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
cr Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

f O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While Angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
cr With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

37

f WE have heard, and joyed in hearing,
All Thy glorious deeds of old;
Future ages, record bearing,
Shall Thy matchless grace unfold:
God and Father! Friend and Saviour!
Through all time Thy praise be told!

m Ere creation's dawning started
Into life, Thy power was nigh:
When creation is departed,
Thou wilt reign sublime on high:
Life-supporter, death-controller,
Thou can'st never, never die.

'Midst the changes dark and shifting,
Which our mortal lot may be;
cr Up to Thee our spirits lifting,
We would cling alone to Thee:
m Kind and gracious—great and glorious,
Smile on us benignantly.

38

m I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky,
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numberèd.'

O God! O Good beyond compare;
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

39

m I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

40

FATHER of all! whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:—

Thou by Thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st Thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

In heaven Thou reign'st enthroned in light
Nature's expanse beneath Thee spread,—
Earth, air, and sea, before Thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid!

Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine :
dim Prostrate before Thy face we fall,
Confess Thy works and thoughts divine,
cr And hail Thee sovereign Lord of all.

f All ye who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !

41

f GLORY to Thee, in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made :
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thine all-glorious Godhead streams,

m The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight :
cr My soul O lighten, and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great Name.

f Shine on me, Lord ;—new life impart ;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of Thine all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

m O may I always ready stand,
My lamp still burning in my hand :
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

ff Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Angels and Saints His name adore !
With praise and joy for evermore.

42

f THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

p Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

m What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
cr And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

43

m OH ! Thou who dwell'st in the heavens so high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky :
Where the dazzling fields never need any light
Of the sun by day, or the moon by night ;

Though shining myriads around Thee stand,
In the light of Love at Thy right hand,
Oh ! think of those who have cost Thee dear,
Still chained in doubt and darkness here !

p Our night is dreary, and dim our day ;
And if Thou turn'st Thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
And have none to look to, none to trust.

m The powers of darkness are all abroad ;
They know no Saviour, they fear no God ;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,
Oh, turn not Thou Thy face away !

Thine aid, O mighty One, we crave ;
Not shorten'd is Thine arm to save ;
Afar from Thee we now sojourn,
cr Return to us, O God, return.

44

f ALL from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve alone ;
In triumph bring
Your gifts and sing
Before His throne.

m Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame
Built of the ruddy earth,
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are;
Sheep by Him led,
dim Preserved and fed
With tender care.

cr On to His portals press
For your divine resorts:
f With thanks His power profess
And praise Him in His courts.
How good! how pure!
His mercies last;
His promise past
For ever sure.

45

m THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
cr And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

m Thou, who did'st come to bring,
Through Christ's redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
cr O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

m Thou, who art truth and love,
Life Giver, from above
Speed forth Thy flight;
p Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
cr And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

m Almighty God, whom we
Adore in unity,
Wisdom, love, might;
f Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
cr Through the earth far and wide,
ff Let there be light!

46

ff PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
f Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
cr God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
ff Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

47

f LET the whole Creation cry
Glory to the Lord on high!
Heaven and earth, awake and sing
'God is good, and therefore King.'

Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

m Chant his honour, ocean fair;
Earth, soft rushing through the air;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, His praise perform.

All the elemental powers,
Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
Vales and mountains, burst in song!
Rivers, roll his praise along.

Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
p Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at Heaven's gate.

m All the beasts that haunt the woods,
And the fish that cleave the floods,
Insects, and all creeping things,
Loud exalt the King of kings.

f Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the rushing of the song.

m Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw;
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, 'The Lord is good and great.'

f Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts.

From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
ff Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone!

48

f THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
m Who was, and is the same,
By earth and heaven confest;
dim I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

f The God of Jesus sing,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek my King
At His right hand:
m I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
cr And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

f My God and Father praise,
Whose all-sufficient love
Shall guide me through my happy days,
To home above.
m He calls a child His friend,
His power and love I know,
dim And He shall save me to the end
From sin and woe.

m He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
cr I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
f Then shall I see His face,
His holy power adore,
cr And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

49

m ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful,
Have thy friends unfaithful proved,
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning:
Zion still is well-beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He Himself appears thy Friend !
cr All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blessed.
All thy conflicts
dim End in everlasting rest.

50

f HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long :
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

m On him the Spirit largely poured
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

cr He comes the prisoners to release
In evil bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

p He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

f Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
cr And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd Name.

51

m A VOICE by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear :—
'Repent, be just, and sin no more !
cr God's judgment draweth near.'

p A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear :—
cr 'Love God ! thy neighbour love ; for see,
God's mercy draweth near.'

m O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth, I hear with awe ;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

cr Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty !

52

m LOVE divine, in Christ revealing
Joy and peace to sin and woe,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies show :
Father, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art ;
cr Visit us with Thy salvation,
Heal and bless our waiting heart.

m Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
f Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

m Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
cr Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

53

m THROUGH the starry midnight dim
O'er the hills of Bethlehem,
cr Loud awoke the angels' hymn.
Hallelujah.

p And the shepherds who their sheep
Kept among the meadows steep,
Feared, but soon had joy as deep.
cr Hallelujah.

m 'Fear not,' cried the angel bright,
'There is born to you this night,
cr A Saviour, Jesus, King of Light.'
Hallelujah.

m 'He is Christ the Lord; Arise,
See him where he lowly lies,
In a manger, hid from eyes.'
cr Hallelujah.

m Joyful were the Shepherds then,
When the Gospel tidings ran,
'Peace on earth, good-will to Man.'
Hallelujah.

cr And all Heaven at the word,
Sang aloud—'O, be adored
In the highest, God the Lord.'
ff Hallelujah.

54

f HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

m He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
p Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
cr From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

m His love shall, like the ocean,
Encompass all the earth,
Till peace and high devotion
Bring holiness to birth ;
And help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
And come with succour speedy
To those that suffer wrong.

The mountain dew shall nourish
This seed in weakness sown ;
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.
Until o'er every nation
The healing branches bend,
cr And Man, the new Creation,
In Christ to God ascend.

f O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
cr His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of love.

55

m STILL the night, holy the night !
Sleeps the world ! yet the light
Shines where Mary watches there,
dim Her child Jesus sweet and fair.
pp Sleeping in heavenly rest ;
Sleeping in heavenly rest.

m Still the night, holy the night!
Shepherds first told aright
How the Angel-Hallelujah,
Rang so loud from near and far;
cr Jesus, a Saviour, is born;
f Jesus, a Saviour, is born.

m Still the night, holy the night!
p Little child, O how bright
Love is smiling from thy face!
m Now there strikes the hour of grace;
Jesus, our Master, is here;
Jesus, our Master, is here.

56

m IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:—
f 'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King!'
p The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

m Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
p And ever o'er its jarring sounds
The blessed angels sing.

m Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
p O hush the noise of war and strife,
And hear the angels sing.

m And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
cr Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
dim O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

m For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
cr When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
f And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

57

m SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake, and it was done.

f Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
cr Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

m Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
cr God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

m And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
cr No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

f Saints below with heart, and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
m Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

p Borne upon their latest breath,
cr Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

58

m LONG had the darkness of ages surrounded
Earth and its sons, when the day-star on high
cr Broke from the mists, and with glory unbounded,
Held its high course through the gratulant sky ;
Angels of peace and of virtue attended,
Blessing and blest, as it moved on its way ;
For in its glory that day-star ascended,
Lighting and cheering the world with its ray.

O'er us it shines, and shall shine on for ever,
Fixed like a sun in the centre of all;
Never shall darkness o'ershadow us—never
Sorrow and sadness our hearts shall appal.
Clouds may roll by, but they cannot conceal it;
Tempests may frown—they shall break into light:
Ages shall fly, but while flying shall hail it,
Star that shall conquer the empire of Night!

59

m WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes! it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Lord of love is come.

60

m A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
cr A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

f And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore!
Come all, and hearts made ready, bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth
Uprose the Light of man.

m For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
Christ shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of strife,
Of conflict, and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

61

p BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

m Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

p By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly pass away.

m O thou, whose infant feet were led
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
Were all alike divine;

We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask his grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own!

62

m THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find;—

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin:
cr Hail, Truth divine! we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in!

m Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the desire!
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die :
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in His poor.

cr Flood our dark life with golden day :
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
f Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

63

f FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep
dim But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
pp Calm and still.

m 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony !'
cr Thy word above the storm rose high,—
p 'Peace be still.'

pp-f The wild winds hushed ; the angry deep
dim Sank, like a little child, to sleep ;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy Will.

m So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,—
pp 'Peace, be still.'

64

m SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires.
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came:
Kindled in some hearts it is:
cr O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

p When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
m Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
cr More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

m Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!
cr Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above!
Haste, O Lord, and quickly pour
All the spirit of thy love.

65

m 'COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
p O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest:
cr It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

m 'Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
p O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
cr But he has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

m 'Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
p O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
f The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
cr But he has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

m 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
p Unworthy though we be,
cr Of love so free and boundless,
To come to God with thee.

 S. A. Brooke.

m WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
dim Though his heart was sad;
m Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
cr For within his heart of love
All the soul of Man did move,
God had His abode.

p Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
cr And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

m Fill us with thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

cr And when in the fields and woods
We are filled with nature's moods,
May the grace be given
With thy faithful heart to say,
'All I see and feel to-day,
Is my Father's Heaven.'

67

m OFT when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep;
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

But lo! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea;
E'en now he passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
p And soft his words—'Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I.'

m Ah Lord! if it be thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
cr Bid me believe, and come to thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.

m He bids me come! his voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
cr The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!

m Come in, come in, thou Prince of peace!
dim And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise:
cr For ever with us then remain,
Till over life's rough waves we gain
Our haven in the skies.

68

p ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
m 'Come to me,' saith One, 'and coming
p Be at rest!'

m Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
p 'In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.'

m Hath he diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown in very surety,—
p But of thorns.'

m If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
p 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

m If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
f 'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.'

m Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
ff 'Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!'

69

mp THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold:
Away on the mountains wild and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

'Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine!
Are they not enough for thee?'
p But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
m And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'

p But none of the ransomed ever knew,
How deep were the waters crossed; [through,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
Ere he found his sheep that was lost:
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
pp Sick and helpless and ready to die.

m 'Lord whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?'
p 'They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
m 'Lord whence are thy hands so rent and torn?'
p 'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

m And all through the mountains, thunder-riven
And up from the rocky steep,
cr There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
ff 'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!'

70

m LORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

Lord, it is good for us to be
With Thee and with Thy faithful three,—
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
'This is my Son—O hear ye Him!'

71

p THOU, who on that wondrous journey
Sett'st thy face to die,
By thy holy, meek example
cr Teach us Charity!

p Thou, who that dread cup of anguish
Did'st not put from thee;
cr O most Loving of the loving,
Give us Charity!

m Thou who reignest, by thy meekness,
Over earth and sky,
cr Oh, that we may share thy triumph,
Grant us Charity!

m Send us Faith, that trusts thy promise;
Hope, with upward eye;
cr But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us Charity!

72

f 'DESCEND to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord!'
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on! behold we lay
dim Our guilty lusts and proud wills in Thy way!

m Thy road is ready, Lord!—Thy paths, made straight
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet:
cr And hark! Hosannas loud Thy footsteps greet!

m Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord ! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin :
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor !
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which Thou hast chosen, there to set Thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of Thy finished victory,
cr The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet !

73

f RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry !
p O King of love, pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

f Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
p In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
cr O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

f Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
dim The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
f Then take, O Christ, Thy power, and reign!

74

m O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
cr I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of God to me.

m Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

Jesus, thou know'st the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
cr For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

m For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
cr My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

75

p FATHER, Thy will, not mine, be done;
So prayed on earth Thy suffering son;
So in his love I pray.
The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,
cr Thy help in agony I seek,
dim O take this cup away!

m If such be not Thy sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfil;
dim My wishes I resign;
Into Thy hands my soul commend,
cr On Thee for life or death depend;
dim Thy will be done, not mine.

76

m SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And His appointed way?

p When harassed sore with passion's cry,
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,
We find it hard within our hearts
The watch of life to keep.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Did'st wake thy weary ones again
When, slumbering at that fearful hour,
They all forgot thy pain,—

cr Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
That we be faithful through the watch
Our souls shall keep with thee!

77

m WHEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
dim Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

m There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
dim See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

m When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
p Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold his agony
Suffered on the bitter Tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
cr Love triumphant still in death.

m Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
cr Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

78

m 'HE was there alone,' when even
Had round earth its mantle thrown,
Holding intercourse with heaven:
'He was there alone.'

There his inmost heart's emotion
Made he to his Father known;
In the spirit of devotion,
Praying there alone.

p So let us from earth retiring,
Seek in prayer our Father's throne;
cr And to holy thoughts aspiring,
Live with God alone.

m So, when time its course hath ended,
And the joys of earth are flown,
cr We, by hope and bliss attended,
Shall not be alone.

79

p OH, who is this that on a tree
Of shame and pain and mockery,
Hangs by the hill of Calvary?
pp 'Tis Jesus, Lord of Love.

m Mercy could not from him depart;
His arms, outstretched in piteous art,
Dropt blood, like love, upon the heart
Of all the sinful world.

O deep the passion, great the woe,
He long endured to slay the foe;
That we the depths of love might know,
dim The love that died for men.

cr Yet in the woe, a joy as deep
dim Mingled, and laid the pain asleep;
cr And we are glad, although we weep
dim With John, beneath his cross.

m For through the gloom that veiled the hill,
A heavenly vision came to fill
His heart with joy ineffable;
The Vision of the End.

The whole of mankind gathered in,
His sheep, his own belovèd kin,
cr Saved from themselves, and saved from sin
By God the Father's love.

p Then sank his head upon his breast,
Then was his heart, at last, at rest,
Holy and undefiled and blest!
pp 'All is fulfilled,' he said.

m O Jesu, who thus died that we
Might know Life's deepest mystery,
cr Lead us, through love like thine, to see
Our Father, face to face.

80

m 'IT is finished'—all the pain,
All the sorrow, all the stain;
Death has freed the Lord of life
From the burden of his strife.

'It is finished'—all the days,
Led through many weary ways;
dim Now at last his eyelids close
On the hatred of his foes.

m 'It is finished'—all the toil
Sin and trial could not spoil;
Never could his spirit fleet,
Till the work was all complete.

'It is finished'—all the Word,
Poor, and sinners, gladly heard;
cr All the Father's love made known,
Human goodness fully shown.

m 'It is finished'—all the love,
Deep as His that dwells above;
Saving others, all he gave,
dim But himself he would not save.

m 'It is finished'—Hark! the cry,
cr Uttered in Love's agony,
Is the seal, below, above,
Of the Victory of Love.
Hallelujah.

81

m MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
p 'Thy Will be done.'

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy Will be done.'

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
'Thy Will be done.'

m If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
p 'Thy Will be done.'

m Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p 'Thy Will be done.'

m Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy Will be done.'

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
cr I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy Will be done.'

82

p WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

m Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

p Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our swift departing souls,
When we pray—'Our Father, Hear,'—
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

83

m RESTING from his work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay:
Still he slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
p Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

m So with thee, till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine,
In this rocky heart of mine;
Where, in pure embalmèd cell,
None but thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
p Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
cr Till my Lord appear again.

84

p THOU, who in life below
Didst drain the cup of woe,
And glorify the cross of agony,—
Thy blessed labours done,
cr Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

m It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

Dear image of our life,
Look on us through the strife!
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
cr Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

p E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
cr That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
Accomplished is the battle now;
The crown is on the victor's brow:
cr Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness
Hallelujah.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
m After sharp death that him befel,
Our Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell,
cr Earth is singing,
Heaven is ringing
Hallelujah.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Out of the bands of death he rose:
Radiant with victory o'er his foes,
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Hallelujah.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
m The ancient terror is no more;
God's love is told from shore to shore;
Every nation
Sing Salvation,
Hallelujah.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Master, we call on God with thee
From sin's ill death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving,
Hallelujah!

86

f JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day.
Alleluia!
m Lately on the Cross undone,
Alleluia!
f Now His victory is won.
Alleluia!

Hymns of joy then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto God, our heavenly King!
Alleluia!
Death is slain since Christ is raised,
Alleluia!
God the Conqueror be praised.
Alleluia!

We shall follow where our Lord,
Alleluia!
To the Father's throne has soared;
Alleluia!
cr And above the heavens sing
Alleluia!
Alleluia to our King.
Alleluia!

87

m HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight;
Through the veils of time and space,
Pass'd into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

p He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn ;
Olivet no more shall greet,
With welcome shout, his coming feet ;
Never shall we track him more
On Gennesareth's glist'ning shore,
Never in that look, or voice,
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

m He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which he has left ;
On this earth of him bereft :
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue,
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold him as before,
In the Heaven of heavens, the same
As on earth he went and came ;
p In the many mansions there,
Place for us he will prepare,
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

m He is gone—but not in vain ;
Wait, until he comes again ;
He is risen, he is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere ;
cr Evermore in heart and mind,
There our peace in him we find ;
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

m O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

p The Cross that Jesus carried
Ye carry in his love:
f The crown that Jesus weareth
Ye too shall wear above.

m The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To hear his voice will turn.

p The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.

cr What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

f O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

m JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
cr Guide us by the hand
To our Fatherland.

p If the way be drear,
If the foe be near;
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not love and hope forsake us;
cr For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

m When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations—
Lord, increase and perfect patience:
cr Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more.

p If our friends depart,
Or deceive our heart,
When our dreams have dreadful waking,
When our heart with grief is breaking,
Teach us thine own prayer
For the Father's care.

When with shame and sin,
We are tossed within,
cr May we hear thy voice from Eden—
'Come to me, O heavy laden;
dim I will give you rest,
On my Father's breast.'

m When sweet earth and skies
Fade before our eyes;
When through death we look to Heaven,
And our sins are all forgiven,
From thy bright abode,
Call us home to God.

cr Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

90

p OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

m He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
f All powerful as the wind He came
p As viewless too.

m He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

p And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

cr And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

m Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

91

m WHEN God of old came down from heaven
In power and awe He came:
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

p But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

m The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
p. cr Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

m It fills the Church of God; It fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

p Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

92

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter:
Never will He now depart,
Inmate of the humble heart.

cr Come divine and peaceful Guest!
Enter our devoted breast:
dim Intercede in silence there;
Breathe the unutterable prayer.

m Share the pain, and cheer the strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
cr Life divine in us renew,
Thou the gift and giver too!

m Brood Thou o'er our inward night,—
Darkness kindles into light:
Spread Thy overshadowing wings,—
Order from confusion springs.

Pain and sin and sorrow cease;
Thee we meet, and all is peace:
cr Joy divine in Thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love!

m COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come ;
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light Divine :
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine :

Thou of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome guest,
p Sweet refreshment here below :
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

m O most Blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill :
p Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

m Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away :
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee evermore,
In Thy gracious gifts descend :
Give them virtue's sure reward,
cr Give them Thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.

94

m SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power;
cr Come, Holy Spirit, come!

m Come, glorious Light! to waiting minds,
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

Come, cleansing Fire! enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
cr That all our souls an offering be
To love's redeeming name.

p Come as the dew! on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy Thy quickening power.

cr Come, Wind of God! sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

95

m THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

p The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
cr But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

f One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing Angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display;
p But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

m Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
cr Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

f THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A Kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
m Who best can drink his cup of woe,
f Triumphant over pain,
p Who patient bears his cross below;
f He follows in his train.

m The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
cr And called on him to save.
dim Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
m He prayed for them that did the wrong;
f Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
p They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Father's Throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
m Through peril, toil, and pain;
p O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

m WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
f Praising loud their heavenly King.

m Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

f These are they who have contended
For the Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These who well the fight sustained,
Triumph with the Lamb have gained.

p These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
cr Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

m These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
f Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face.

m THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
cr Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

m One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

f One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
cr Where the One Almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.

m Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
p Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

cr Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

99

m YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command!
Assist our song,
Or else the theme,
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

p Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Father's face!
cr His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Your hearts abound.

m Ye saints, who toil below!
Adore your heavenly King,
cr And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing:
m Take what he gives;
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives.

My soul! bear thou thy part;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
cr Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise!

100

m LET saints on earth in concert sing,
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
dim Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

ff One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
p And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

m By faith we join our friendly hands
With those that went before;
And greet the pure, triumphant bands
On the eternal shore.

O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given
cr Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

101

m GOD eternal, changing never,
Of our hearts the strength and stay;
We would be thine own for ever,
Climb, though weak, the heavenly way;
Ever nearer,
To Thy pure and perfect day.

May we not draw forth new treasure,
From Thy wisdom's boundless store?
Tak'st Thou not, blest Spirit, pleasure,
On each age Thy breath to pour?
Strong and holy,
Com'st Thou not, as heretofore?

By each gift of our receiving
From Thy witnesses divine;
By the radiance of achieving
Which on us from Christ doth shine,
Hear us, hear us!
f God Almighty, help us on.

m Make our own a nobler story,
Than was ever writ before;
cr Stay not then, show forth Thy glory
In our aftercomers more.
Love eternal!
Fuller grace incessant pour.

102

OUT from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,
The canticles of love and woe.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost.

103

m O GOD, whose love is near,
Although it seem to stay,
Be with us through our voyage here,
And smooth the ocean way.

Though on a foreign sea,
We sail not far from home;
And nearer to the port of peace
We every moment come.

m When loud the surges rise,
And calms delay to be,
The storm is blest and kind the waves
That drive us nearer thee.

p And when the winds are hushed,
And on the deep is peace,
And we behold the land where lies
Our haven of release:

With soft and gentle winds
O waft us smooth along;
While fastened deep within the veil,
m Hope is our anchor strong.

Wait till all tempests flee,
Wait thy appointed hour!
Wait till the Master of thy soul
Reveal His love with power.

Tarry His leisure then!
Although He seem to stay:
For Heaven's harbourage with Him
All storms shall over pay.

104

m COME, Holy One, in love;
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
cr Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart,
O come to-day!

m Come, truest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power;
p Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

m Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
cr Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

m Exalt our low desires;
Quench reckless passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
This icy coldness end;
Our wayward steps amend,
While heavenward bound.

105

p. cr HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! [Thee,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
p. cr Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p.m Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee, [sea
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Fill with Thy glory, Lord, Eternity.

p Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see
m Only Thou art Holy: there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

b. cr Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
ff All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

106

m THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
dim How fast they fade away!
cr Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

p The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
cr Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night.

m Here faith is ours and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, guard us, Lord, by love and power,
Throughout the evil day;
cr Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast our crown away.

107

m LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

p Jesus, breathe thy spirit o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

m O our Father! swift descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

108

p JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
cr While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
m Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
dim Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

m Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
p Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
cr All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my hely from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
dim With the shadow of thy wing.

m Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin
cr Let the healing stream abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
f Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

109

p IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

m When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half slays me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

110

m HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

cr There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.
m For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

p So now, my Father, give release,
In Thy deep will may I have peace,
And after sorrow rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
cr Open Thine arms, Eternal Friend,
dim And take me to Thy breast.

III

m LOVING God, our Father,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
p All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
f Body, soul, and spirit,—
All we yield to Thee.

m Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
f True and everlasting
Are the glories there,—
p Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil, nor care, is known;
f Where the Angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

p Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
cr Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
p Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
cr Tells of love unfeigned,—
Love that never dies.

m Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
f Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
p Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
m Grant us, Great Forgiver,
Blessed rest at last.

f Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
cr Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

112

m IN this world, the Isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Sad reciting.

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity
There uniting.

In that whiter Island where
Things are ever more sincere;
Candor here, and lustre there,
All delighting.

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell a horror call,
To create, or cause at all
Dread affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternal watch shall keep,
There attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have an ending.

113

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

Lord, teach me to hold fast Thy hand,
And when my griefs increase,
To see beyond this desert land,
The hills of heavenly peace.

And oh, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy Throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free!
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend,
cr Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

114

f BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

m His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
cr And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

f Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years have ceased to move.

115

m THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine.
From sin, and grief, and shame I fly,
To shelter in Thy fortress high.

For Thou, O God, my fulness art,
dim My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
m The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown.

In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my Almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in dark temptation's hour,
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

f Thee will I love, my strength, my tower!
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works and Thee alone!
And though my flesh and heart decay,
cr Thee shall I love in endless day.

116

m O BREATHE upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might!
Baptize me with the vital flame
Of purity and light.

Descend like heaven's self-kindled fire
And burn my sin to dust:
cr God of my righteousness, inspire
My soul with hope and trust.

Spring up within this barren heart,
Well-spring of life divine!
Love to my feeble will impart:
Light out of darkness shine.

f O Light and Power! O Life and Love!
Of every good the source!
Blow, rushing Wind of God, above,
And speed me on my course.

m Then heavenly Master, come within,
My every thought control,
Thy work fulfil, the harbour win,
Anchor, and keep my soul.

117

m BE Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

p The world, the flesh, and evil dwell
Around the path I tread;
cr O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.

p And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
cr Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

m Still let me ever watch and pray,
p And feel that I am frail;
That if temptation cross my way,
cr Yet it may not prevail.

p Then in the last and loneliest hour
I shall have no alarms,
cr But underneath me feel in power
Thine everlasting arms.

118

m ALL before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind.
All before us is the day;
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its rivers old,
Love, and flowers, and living tree,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions deep and kind,
In the life that has no care,
Purest Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful, and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
And our Paradise is found.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

119

m DO I not trust in Thee, O Lord?
Do I not rest on Thee alone?
What else can win the trembling chord
Of pain to breathe this sweeter tone?
Art Thou not still, howe'er I roam,
My hope, my hiding-place, my home?

To Thee my inmost spirit clings:
Like the poor dove that left the ark,
When I forsake Thy sheltering wings
dim I meet a waste of waters dark:
cr Then back I fly, and grace implore
To wander from Thee never more.

m And now on Thee I cast my soul:
Come life or death, come ease or pain,
Thy presence can each fear control,
Thy grace can to the end sustain:
Those whom Thou lovest, heavenly Friend,
Thou lovest even to the end.

120

p SLOWLY by Thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of Thy will.

Mighty Maker, here am I,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
cr Show me heaven's eternal lights.

m From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth!
cr So within my soul's dim skies,
Let mighty truths, like stars, arise.

m Truths that in their motion make
Music that my soul doth take;
cr Till all my life attunèd be
To their heavenly harmony.

121

m THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
p Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

m Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

p But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
dim And fear to launch away.

m O ! could we but our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
cr And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

122

m NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee ;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
cr Still all my song shall be,—
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

p Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

m There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
cr Angels to beckon me
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

m Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

f Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
cr Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

123

m COME thou Source of sweetest gladness,
From the immeasurable height
Scatter all our sin and sadness,
cr Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light!
m All pervading God, whose love
Joins us here with those above;
cr Grant us Thy illumination,
Sanctify this congregation.

m Come and bring with Thee thy treasure!
Love and meekness, joy and peace,
Gentleness that knows no measure,
Truths that prisoned hearts release,
Purity, and faith in Right,
Thirst of holiness, and Light.
cr Hear, O hear our supplication,
Dwell within this congregation.

m In the stress of life's temptations
Be our comfort, strong to save ;
dim When we die, be Thou our patience,
When we're buried, be our grave !
cr And when from the grave we rise,
Bear us far beyond the skies,
There to perfect all salvation
In the vaster congregation.

124

m O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below ;
Give me my deep, my long request,
To me, at last, Thy goodness show.
cr Thy beatific face display,
In brightness of eternal day.

m Grant me Thy righteous power to know,
Fill me with hope, and love, and faith ;
My peace in joy, my joy in woe,
Redeem me with Thy life from death.
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
cr Reveal Thy love, Thy glorious name.

m I cannot see Thy face, and live ;
cr Then let me see Thy face, and die !
Now Lord, my longing soul receive ;
Give me on eagle's wings to fly
Above the worlds of death and night,
And find Thee, throned in boundless light.

125

m THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

p When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
dim Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

m Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
cr The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

p Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
cr My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
m Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

126

m O GOD! that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
p Give ear to this Thy family
And help us when we pray.

m For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore.

The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
dim But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

m Have mercy on our failings, Lord;
cr Our sinking faith renew;
m And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too!

127

m O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

p How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
cr Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

p Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
cr Then rise with lightened cheer;
m Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

p We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
cr But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

m Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's Will,
dim And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction peace.

128

m SPIRIT of grace, Thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead!
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
The patient pilgrim still is led!
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to Thee I come!

Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free!
cr Live Thou in me, O Life divine!
Until my deepest love be Thine.

m O Breath from far Eternity!
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert-sand;
cr And where Thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

129

m MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

p How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

m How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

p Oh, how I fear Thee, living God
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

cr Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
dim The love of my poor heart.

m No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

Father of mankind, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
cr To know Thy righteousness at last,
And lose ourselves in Thee.

m GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode,
cr On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
m With the sea of truth surrounded,
Thou canst smile at all thy foes.

p Lo, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to 'suage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

m Therefore, hear what God hath spoken:—
'O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
This abode I keep for you!
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
cr You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

m There in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again;
cr God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light!'

131

p OH! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

cr Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

m Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

132

m 'CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,'
Hear thy loving Master say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
p 'Watch and pray.'

m Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
cr Stand, till evil days be done;
p 'Watch and pray.'

f Hear the victors who o'ercame;
dim Still they mark each warrior's way;
cr All with one sweet voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

m Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
p Hide within thy heart his word,
'Watch and pray.'

m Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, till sin be overthrown;
'Watch and pray.'

133

m O GOD, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Then knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
cr Thine only, thine alone I am,
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame!

m O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure and my crown!
cr All coldness from my heart remove,
And every act and thought be love.

f O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise.
cr God of my life, O may I see
In earth, in heaven, no home but Thee.

134

m 'FOR ever with the Lord!'
Amen; so let it be!
cr Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!

p Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

f 'For ever with the Lord!'
m Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
cr Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

p So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

m Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
cr And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'

135

m LOVE of love! as deep and free
As the all-absolving sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy Light Divine;
And let charity benign
p Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm,

m Life of life, our Father be;
May we live and die to Thee;
cr Till with Saints hereafter we
Bear the glorious palm.

136

m GOD, my hidden life appear,
Soul of my inmost soul!
cr Light of life, my sorrow cheer,
O make the sinner whole!
m Now in me Thyself display;
Surely Thou in all things art;
dim Yet from all I turn away
Lord, to seek Thee in my heart.

m Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice!
dim Let my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
m Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place;
p Still and silent is the sound,
Soft the whisper of Thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
dim I wait with humble awe:
p Silent am I now and still;
Dare not in Thy presence move:
cr To my waiting soul reveal
All the secret of Thy love:

m Teach me till I know Thy heart,
And all Thou art is mine;
Make me of Thyself a part,
O make me wholly Thine!
cr Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, and thine the praise:
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
Ancient of eternal Days!

137

f NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
p Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
cr With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

m O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

ff All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given;
We lift our hearts to Him
Who reigns in highest heaven:
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
Who was of old, is now,
And shall be evermore.

138

m O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

p Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
cr God His watch is keeping,
dim Though none else be near.

m God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

cr Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

p When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
cr Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

139

WE'VE no abiding city here,
We seek a city out of sight:
cr Zion its name—'The Lord is there,'
It shines with everlasting light.

f Zion! Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes,
dim And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

p O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
cr I'd flee to thee and be at rest.

m But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

140

m THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Keep us in the righteous way,
cr Bring us to the realms of day.

m Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend.
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Father keep
p Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
cr Let us all Thy goodness share.

m Thine for ever; Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
cr Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

141

m FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
cr We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
f Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

m To Canaan's sacred bound
cr We haste with songs of joy,
m Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah, etc.

p There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
cr Hallelujah, etc.

m We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
cr And sing the everlasting song
With saints and angels there,
f Hallelujah, etc.

m How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
cr We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah, etc.

142

m SOURCE of good, whose power controls
Every movement of our souls;
Wind that quickens where it blows;
Comforter of human woes;
Flame of pure and holy love;
Strength of all that live and move;
cr Come thy gifts and fire impart;
Make me love Thee from the heart!

p As the stag, with longing, craves
For the stream's refreshing waves,
Heated in the burning chase;
cr So my soul desires Thy grace;
So my heavy-laden breast,
By the cares of life oppressed,
Longs thy water brooks to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

m Mighty Spirit ; by whose aid
Man a living soul was made ;
Everlasting God ! whose fire
Kindles high and pure desire ;
Grant, in every grief and loss,
I may calmly bear the cross,
dim And, when strife has ceased to be,
Find eternal peace in Thee.

143

m MY Father's house on high !
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

p Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
cr The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

m Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies :
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

p Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease :
cr While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

m Then, then I feel that He,—
Remembered or forgot,—
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

144

m CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

cr One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One faith and work, one hope and song,
One King Omnipotent!

m How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
And slow and vast thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

Thy watch-fires gleam from night to night,
With never-fainting ray!
Thy towers uprise, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
cr Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands!

145

p BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cr The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

m O happy retribution;
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

Where after persecution,
And after this world's night,
And after passion's whirlwind,
Is calm and joy and light.

p There grief is turned to pleasure,
And martyrdom hath peace,
And from our vain desire,
God giveth us release.

cr The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

f And God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

p O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect;
cr O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!

f Where they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the strife,
For ever and for ever
Are clad with robes of life.

146

m GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
p.f We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand;
p Bread of heaven,
cr Feed us, till we want no more.

m Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through;
f Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our Strength and Shield.

p When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside:
f Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side;
ff Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

147

m LORD, my grief is turned to gladness
Thou hast made my heart rejoice
I who lately pined in sadness,
cr Now can raise my thankful voice:
Still, O Lord, my faith increase,
Cleanse me from unrighteousness.

m O how short is Thy displeasure,
As a moment it appears:
But Thy Love is without measure,
Still the same through endless years
p Weeping may the night employ,
cr But the morning beams with joy.

m In my heavenly Father's favour,
Life and peace and joy I prove;
Give me truth that cannot waver,
cr And above all, give me love:
Only Love to me be given,
Lord, I ask no other heaven.

m GOD! be merciful to me;
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee, her refuge, springs:
Be the shadow of Thy wings
Round my trembling spirit cast,
Till this storm is overpast.

p From the waterfloods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul
Take me, O my Saviour, take,
For Thy loving-kindness' sake:
If Thy truth from me depart,
That rebuke will break my heart.

cr Foes increase; they close me round;
dim Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail;
Hope and strength and courage fail:
cr Turn not from Thy servant's grief;
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

m Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me, O my God, on high;
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought:
cr Save me, Lord, in mercy save;
Lest I sink below the grave.

m Hark! He hears me from on high,
'Child of sorrow—it is I!
Thou shalt strive and weep no more,
Come and see my happy shore,
Rest and live and love with me,
I am thine eternity.'

149

m O THAT Thou would'st the heavens rend,
And comfort me with light;
In love and holiness descend,
cr And scatter all my night.

m Consume my sin, my death dispel,
Bid feebleness depart,
Be stronger than my selfish will,
And greater than my heart.

Then, when my sin has found defeat,
And Thou hast all my soul,
dim Lead me to pastures soft, where sweet
The healing waters roll,

p That I may rest awhile, before
I take my work again;
And hear, from forth the eternal shore,
pp The requiem of pain.

150

m O THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
p In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
cr Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart
p Good Lord, remember me!

m When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
p Good Lord, remember me!

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
cr Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
p Good Lord, remember me!

And oh! when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
To Thee I give my parting breath;
pp Good Lord, remember me!

151

m MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
cr The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

p In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
cr Thou art my soul's bright morning star
And Thou my rising sun.

f The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
dim While God declares His mercy mine,
pp And whispers I am His.

m My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
cr Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord:

f Fearless of hell and ghastly death
To break through every foe;
cr The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

152

m THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be:
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

p I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
m Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
My cup of life and love,
With joy or sorrow fill:—
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
p Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
m Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
cr Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

153

m O THOU Whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And show me, all Thy goodness show:
cr Reveal, O God, Thy life and light,
And scatter all my sin and night.

m Hast Thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet Thee, my Lord, have I not known?
dim I pray Thee with a faltering tongue,
Here, silent, in my heart, alone—
p Tell me, oh tell me who Thou art,
And speak Thy Name into my heart.

m From Thee and from Thy love removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
And all my selfish will has roved
Where loud the winds of passion blow:
cr Back to my God at last I fly,
For oh, the waters still are high!

m The anxious strife, the eager race,
The cares of self, for Thee I leave;
Put forth Thine hand, Thine hand of grace;
Into the ark of Love receive;
dim Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And still it, Father, on Thy breast.

m Fill with inviolable peace,
Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
From Thee no more may I depart:
cr Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting Love.

154

m MY song and city is
Jerusalem on high:
My prayer and praise and bliss,
dim My refuge when I die.
cr O world of grace
Where I shall see
God's glorious face
In purity!

m O sweet and fair alone!
The court of God most high,
The Heaven of Heavens, the throne
Of Truth and Majesty.
cr Awake, mine eyes,
To see those skies,
Where love and light
Are infinite.

m No sun by day is there,
No moon by silent night:
The Lord God shineth fair,
And is the city's light.
cr Through golden streets,
Life's river fleets:
And from the throne,
Love streams alone.

m The stranger homeward bends,
dim And sigheth for his rest:
p My home is there, my friends
Dwell in that quiet nest;
Where each pure soul,
In long white stole,
And palms in hand,
Do ravished stand.

No tears from weary eyes,
Drop in that holy quire:
But Death itself there dies,
In Love's supreme desire.
cr So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of God alone,
Who fills the throne.

m There all temptations cease,
And frailties have an end,
dim And I shall rest in peace
With God, my heavenly Friend.
m O happy place,
Where all have grace,
And garlands stored
For their reward.

Lord God, on Thee I cry,
Outwearied with delay:
My palace is on high,
Disclose its heavenly day
cr Where all men raise
Thy glorious praise,
f And angels then
Loud sing, Amen.

155

m COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
cr With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

p I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
cr But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

m Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
cr Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

p Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
cr Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

m My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
cr I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

m 'Tis Love! 'tis Love, thou lovest me!
dim I hear thy whisper in my heart;
cr The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art;
f To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

156

m WITHOUT haste and without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast,
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
cr Onward then with all thy might;
m Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
cr Do and dare before you die;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
dim When these forms have passed away.

m Haste not—rest not, calm in strife;
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not—rest not, conflicts past,
cr God shall crown thy work at last!

157

m PURER yet, and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet, and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

p Calmer yet, and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
m Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
dim And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

cr Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
p Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

cr Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
m Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

158

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
'Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah!' let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

sf 'Hallelujah!' Hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
mf See! the battle flags are furled,
Pain and evil cease to move;
cr And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Love.

f He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway,
Reign and love when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!
mf O rejoice, beneath His rod
Death and sin and hell shall fall,
cr And redeemèd Man in God,
God in Man, be all in all.

159 *S. A. Brooke*

mp MYSTERIOUS Spirit, unto whom
Is known my sad and earth-bound frame;
Thou whom my soul, 'midst doubt and gloom,
Adoreth with a fervent flame;
cr Give me the speed of bird or wind,
Or torrent rushing to the sea,
That soaring upwards I may find
dim My resting place in Thee.

mp Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go,
Swift as the eagle's wing of fire,
Or arrows from the lightning's bow,
To God, the goal of my desire!
p The weary tempest sleeps at last,
The torrent in the sea finds rest;
cr Let me not always be outcast,
p Lord! take me to thy breast.

m My prayer hath pierced to God—The life,
The resurrection power is mine:
From sin and grief, from pain and strife,
cr I rise on wings of love divine;
Swifter than torrent, tempest, light,
I fly to my serene abode,
And on the last and holiest height,
Find rest and joy in God.

160

m HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
cr Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

p Darker than night, life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark:
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
pp Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

m Onward we go, for still we hear them singing
p 'Come weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,'
cr And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

p Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
cr Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

m Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
cr And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

m Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
cr And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

161

m OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life!

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
cr Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad,
Fight, nor think the battle long,
f. Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
dim Though opposed by many a foe,
f Christian soldiers, onward go!

162

f ONWARD! upward! Christian soldier,
Turn not back nor sheath thy sword;
Let its blade be sharp for conquest,
In the battle for the Lord,
m From the great white throne eternal
God himself is looking down;
He it is who now commands thee,
cr 'Take the cross and win the crown.'

m Onward! doing and enduring,
With the Lord who lived for thee;
Face the foe, and meet with daring
Danger whatsoe'er it be;
From the battlements of glory,
Holy ones are looking down;
Thou can'st almost hear them crying,
'On! let no one take thy crown.'

Onward! till thy course be finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;
Keep the faith through persecution,
Never give the battle o'er,
cr Onward! upward! till victorious
Thou shalt lay thine armour down,
And thy loving Father bid thee
At His hand receive thy crown.

163

m WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Has but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come! for I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain:
cr Come, like Thy holy Dove,
And, swift-descending, bid me live again.

m Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

164

m GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
cr Where but with Thee whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.

p Did ever mourner plead with Thee
cr And Thou refuse the mourner's plea?
m Doth not Thy word of love remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
cr And all the wilderness is made
Streams, and a garden by His aid.

165

m O SEND me not away! for I would drink,
E'en I, the weakest, at the fount of life;
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
dim Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

m Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might?
dim Lo! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

m Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
p Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
cr And give to me Thy heavenly armour, Lord!

166

m O GOD, Thou art my fortress high,
My refuge when the storm is nigh,
My joy, my hope divine!
cr Descend in power upon my life,
Through change and stillness, pain and strife,
Preserve me wholly Thine.

m Since fear and doubt are round my way,
And past desires upon me prey,
p Be gracious to my soul:
m Let me forget the sinful years,
Bring the deep love that casts out fears,
The hopes that life control.

cr Kindle in me Thy righteous fire
Till I have only one desire—
The love of Holy Love;
m Till sin and grief I shall forget,
And all my soul with freedom set
To gain Thy home above.

This path of life to me display,
And lead me in Thyself the way,
Till all Thy grace is given :
cr Then to Thy righteousness unite,
And bear me through the spheres of light,
To brighter light in Heaven.

167

m IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way,
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

p The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused,
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Perfume the air when bruised.

m The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven,
cr So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

m All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
At other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

168

m O HOLY Father, Friend unseen !
Since on Thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
dim Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
Whispers 'Still cling to Me!'

m Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside,
p But safe, and calm, and satisfied,
In love to cling to Thee!

m Blest is my lot whate'er befal;
What can disturb me, who appal,
cr While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Father, I cling to Thee?

169

m O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
cr And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

p There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
cr But joy shall come with early light.

m For God has marked each sorrowing hour
And numbered every secret tear;
cr And Heaven's long age of love and power
Grows out of all we suffer here.

170

m I HAVE no comfort but Thy love;
Without it, life is death to me;
Joyless through all its joys I move,
Hopeless through all its misery;
cr Yet, trusting Thee, I daily prove
The blessed comfort of Thy love.

m Thou art the Rock on which I stand,
When round me rages life's rough sea,
Mine anchor, and my sheltering strand,
The haven where my soul would be:
cr Daily I feel, and nightly prove
The blessed comfort of Thy love.

O lift me higher, nearer Thee,
And as I rise more pure and meet,
dim O let my soul's humility
Make me lie lower at Thy feet;
m Less trusting self the more I prove
The blessed comfort of Thy love.

Grateful my songs arise to Thee,
With morning's dawn and evening's fall;
For Thou hast ever been to me
cr My light, my life, mine all in all:
m My day is night, if Thou remove;
cr Give me all comfort in Thy love.

171

m THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best:
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then, but Thee,
dim And let it be Thy rest.

172

p PEACE be to this habitation!
Peace to every soul therein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace that speaks its heavenly giver;
Peace to earthly minds unknown;
cr Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne!

m God of peace! if Thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy home!
With Thy gracious presence cheer us;
Hither let Thy kingdom come!
cr Lift to heaven our expectation;
Give our raptured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
Holy, everlasting love!

173

m GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose hand,
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will;
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

Faith, hope and love here weave one chain,
But love alone shall then remain,
When this short day is gone;
cr O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright,
With all our labours done?

m We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears
Which here in grief is sown;
cr Great God of Love, the increase give,
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown.

174

p FATHER, Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from Heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
cr Friend of helpless sinners hear!
p By Thy mercy
cr O deliver us, good Lord.

m From the depth of sorrow's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p By Thy mercy
cr O deliver us, good Lord.

m When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of evil power,
p In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy
cr O deliver us, good Lord.

p In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful trial day,
cr May our souls on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay;
By Thy mercy
O deliver us, good Lord.

175

m CALL the Lord thy sure salvation;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting;
From the noisome pestilence,
Through the midnight city hasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
Though a thousand arrows fly;
He shall still thy soul deliver
From His rock of strength on high.

Though the winds and waves are swelling,
He shall bear thee safe through all;
cr God himself shall be thy dwelling,
Though the very heaven fall.

p And when death thy soul deliver
From the peril of the world,
Thou shalt be on high for ever,
Safely in his feathers furled.

All the trouble and temptation,
Hushed upon the heavenly shore;
cr Satisfied with God's salvation,
f Crowned with life for evermore.

176

m HAPPY soul, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

Like a long-forgotten child,
I have wandered on the wild;
Lost myself in vain desires,
Torn with thorns, and burned with fires.

Lonely with the self I hate,
By my will made desolate,
dim Sick of sin, out-wearied, cold—
I would rest within Thy fold.

m Father, seek Thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care;
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear.

Let me know my Shepherd's voice;
More and more in Thee rejoice;
cr More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in Thy Spirit live:—

Live, till all the love I know,
I can find in Thee below;
Till I hear Thy gracious voice,
'Come up higher, and rejoice.'

m Then from sin and death set free,
Shepherded, O Lord, by Thee,
cr I shall join the flock above,
Where the fold is perfect Love.

177

p UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

cr In quietude Thy spirit grows
In man from hour to hour;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.

m Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice:
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

178

m LORD, in Thy Name Thy Servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

cr Thine too by right, and ours by love,
The wondrous growth within,
The harvest Thou wilt reap above,
When all are gathered in.

m So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
cr That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

179

m LORD of power, Lord of might!
God and Father of us all;
Lord of day and Lord of night,
dim Listen to our solemn call;
cr Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Holy prayer, and songs of praise.

m Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
cr Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us, with our daily food,
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Peace and joy for evermore.

m Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us, ere the day departs
Speak afar our Maker's fame:
cr Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

m Full of years and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
dim When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal Love
pp Call us to our home above.

180

m LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast
cr Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come;
m With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yea, He is mine! and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour;
cr 'Go worthless world,' I cry, 'with all that's thine!
Go: I my Father's am, and He is mine.'

The good I have is from His stores supplied ;
The ill is only what He deems the best ;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possess'd ;
Changes may come : I take, or I resign ;
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious sun, that wanes not nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storm He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines :
All may depart ; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Father's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe,
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw ;
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more ;
And feel, and tell amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

181

DEAR Shepherd of Thy happy sheep,
Thy faithful flock in safety keep ;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

O guard them in the evil day,
And guide them that they never stray;
p In verdant pastures let them lie,
Where living waters softly fly.

m Lead them to hear Thy loving voice,
And in its tenderness rejoice;
From sin and dangers ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
Till the whole number be complete
cr Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And dwell for ever in Thy Love.

182

m O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
dim Our hearts still whispering 'Thou art near.'

p When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

m On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
cr Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes

183

m IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
p Is always peace;
cr O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
p Let passion cease;
cr Come down in power within my heart to reign,
p For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

m The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way
Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abode;
cr Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.

m Whate'er of pain thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
dim Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet Thy care,
m Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
dim Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

m So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
cr Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above;
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

184

m JERUSALEM, my happy home!
When shall I come to thee?
cr When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

m O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No death, no care, nor toil.

We that are here in banishment
Our vigil still must keep;
Must stand and wait, and often long
These tears no more to weep.

But blessed are the pure in heart
That find their home in thee,
dim Where weary spirits are at rest
In God eternally.

m Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
cr I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

m Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
In holy converse stand:
cr And soon the sons of God below
Will join the glorious band.

f Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still longs for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

185

m SOURCE of love, and Light of day!
Tear me from myself away:
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of Thine.

Can I grieve Thee, whom I love,—
Thee, in whom I live and move!
p If my sorrow touch Thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

cr Still I choose Thee,—follow still
Every notice of Thy will:
dim But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

m Thee relinquished,—how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
cr Thou alone our comfort art.
Strengthener of the trembling heart!

186

m WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!
And O! when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

187

m LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

cr Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
dim Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
cr Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign:
dim All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

m Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love;
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
cr Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes

188

m OFT, as we run the weary way,
That leads through shadows unto day,
With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind, who cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
Beyond the senses' ken;
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love of God and Man.

Who, from the battlements above,
Follow our course with eager love,
And cheer our contest on;
cr Who cry at every faithful blow,
Struck at the old usurping foe—
f 'Servant of God, well done.'

m And One, the conqueror of death,
Captain and perfecter of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
cr Awakes in us the battle flame,
And waits for us above.

m Therefore with patience run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
With cheerful hope and power;
Cast off the sin that checks our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,
Withstand the evil hour.

For Heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road:
cr And when the knell of death is rung,
Loud Hallelujahs shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

189

m FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where evil rages still
Its most successful war.

p The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
cr O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

m There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life!
Sweet source of light divine!
cr And, all harmonious names in one,
Our Father—Thou art mine!

m What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
cr Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

190

m WILT Thou return to me, O Lord,
If I return to Thee?
cr O heavenly truth! O gracious word!
My hope and refuge be!

p Since from Thy side I dared to roam,
My soul has found no rest:
Chastised and contrite, back I come,
To seek it in Thy breast.

m And dost Thou say Thou wilt receive,
And call me still Thy own?
cr My spirit, hear, accept, believe!
And melt, my heart of stone!

m Again that gracious word to me?
O speak that word again!
My guilt is pardoned?—can it be?—
And loosed my every chain?

No, blessed Lord! not every chain,
Not every bond, remove:
Let one, at least, unloosed remain,—
cr The bond of grateful love!

191

m O STRONG to save and bless,
My rock and righteousness,
cr Draw near to me:
m Blessing and joy and might,
cr Wisdom and love and light,
Are all with Thee.

m My refuge and my rest,
As on a Father's breast,
dim I lean on Thee:
From faintness and from fear,
cr When foes and ill are near,
Deliver me.

m O answer me, my God!
Thy love is deep and broad.
Thy grace is near;
Comfort my soul at last,
cr Bring righteousness, and cast
Away all fear.

Descend, thou mighty Love
Descend from Heaven above,
Fill Thou my soul;
m Heal every bruisèd part,
Bind up this broken heart,
cr And make me whole.

192

m TO do Thy holy Will
To bear the Cross;
To trust Thy mercy still
In pain or loss;
Poor gifts are these to bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
cr Who hast done everything
For all, and me.

m For all Thy glorious earth,
Thy stars and flowers,
For love and gentle mirth,
For happy hours,
For good by which we live,
For sweet sunshine;
What recompense can give
This heart of mine?

Thou, who enthroned above
Dost hear our call;
Oh, can our faithful love
Pay Thee for all?
Poor recompense to bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
cr Who hast done everything
For Man, and me.

193

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou would'st take from me
Aught of its load:

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet:
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,—
m Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
dim Like quiet night.
cr Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

194

m COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands;
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
And shepherd all thy way.

Give to the winds thy fears;
cr Hope and be undismayed:
dim God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
cr God shall lift up thy head.
m Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Abide His will; and weary night
cr Shall end in joyous day.

m He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might:
His every act pure blessing is;
His path, unsullied light.
f When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand?
When God His people's cause defends,
What man shall stay His hand?

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the trembling hands;
Confirm the feeble knee!
So shall our life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And all eternity proclaim
Thy love and guardian care.

195

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
With angels round the throne.

The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend;
He will send down His heavenly powers
To bear us to the end.

Then we shall see His face,
Upon the heavenly shore;
And from the rivers of His grace,
Drink pleasures evermore.

Let songs of love abound,
And every tear be dry;
In pain and grief our strength is found,
In death, our Victory.

196

p FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, 'Blest Spirit, come,
cr And speed me to my rest.'

m My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
dim My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

m To thee, to thee, I press,
p A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
cr And reach the Saints' abode?

m God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
p O guide me through the desert here,
cr And bring me home at last.

197

m LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gl
Lead Thou me on:
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
p The distant scene; one step enough for me.

m I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
p Lead Thou me on.
cr I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
p Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

198

MY God, if still the same Thou art,
If all Thy promises be sure,
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor.
I cannot see Thee as I ought,
Yet Thy desire has mastered thought.

Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all who hunger after Thee?
Fainting, I sigh for Thy abode,
Open its happy gates to me;
Lift up Thy countenance and shine
Into this darkened heart of mine.

O Lord, if Thou art in that sigh,
Then hear Thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart Thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And show that Thou and I are one.

Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom!
Light in Thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, thy Light has come,
Glory divine has risen on thee!
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning o'er,
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more.

m MY God, why dost Thou longer stay?
I thirst to know Thee as Thou art;
Weary and faint with long delay!
cr When wilt Thou come within my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And satisfy my soul with Thee?

m Come, O Thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

cr Come, O my comfort, O my way,
My strength and health, my shield and rest;
Still lead me lest I go astray,
dim And bear me on Thy gentle breast;
p And if I wander in the wild,
Seek and forgive Thy sinful child.

m Oh grant that nothing in my heart
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone,
Let all strange fires from me depart,
And wandering passion be unknown.
Thy deeper love drive out all love
I may not keep with Thee above.

p In suffering, be Thy love my peace,
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
dim And when the storms of life shall cease,
My Father, in that lonely hour,
cr In tenderness eternal rise,
And light my soul to Paradise.

200

m O GOD, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to light are brought,
In whom no change is known!
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy children still in Thee have part;
cr Still, still, Thou art our own.

m Spirit who makest all things new!
cr Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
In Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

m Darkness and dread we leave behind;
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
New births of good, new conquests bring,
cr Until triumphant we shall sing
In perfect Holiness.

201

m GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

p Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

cr Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

m Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
p He hides a smiling face.

m His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
cr God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

202

m MY trust is in the Lord,
What foe can injure me ?
Why bid me like a bird
Before the fowler flee ?
cr The Lord is on His heavenly throne,
And He will shield and save His own.

m The wicked may assail,
The tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry ;
cr Yet God is in His holy shrine,
And I am strong while He is mine.

p His flock to Him is dear,
He watches them from high;
And pain and trials here
But form them for the sky;
cr Oh! safely will He tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest, of His sheep.

m Our foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
cr Thè glorious hour is near
When all their hopes must fail;
While, like the stars, His saints shall rise,
f And shine with Him above the skies.

203 Gerhard Tersteegen

m THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
p Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

m Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
cr Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee!

m O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its hidden mazes there;
Make me Thy loving child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father,' cry!

p Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
'I am thy love, thy God, thy all!'
cr To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To know Thy truth, be all my choice.

204

m FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade!
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade.
Appoint the remnant of my days,
cr To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

m Lord God of Gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire! Oh! what shall we
Return to heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
We have no offering to impart
But praises, and a wounded heart.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
dim Whose secret none can pierce and live,
m Whose glory none can apprehend,
Whose justice can alone forgive;
Whate'er of Thine I cannot prove,
Lord, teach me to admire and love.

205

m LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
cr Rise on us, Thyself revealing,
And disperse the clouds beneath.

f The new heav'ns' and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring sunlight on our eyes!

m Still we wait for Thine appearing,
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
cr Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart.

m Come and manifest the blessing
Thou hast for Thy ransom'd race;
cr So shall we, Thy love possessing,
Sing the wonders of Thy grace.

206

m LORD! have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to hate their cherished sin;
dim When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew Thy Word;
pp Then be pitiful, good Lord!

m Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
dim When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;
cr When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant heaven;
Then Thy fostering grace afford,
pp Then, be pitiful, good Lord!

p Lord! have mercy when we lie
All the restless night and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill;
dim When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord;
pp Then, be pitiful, good Lord!

207

m GRACIOUS Father! hear our prayer,
Leave us not, lest we despair;
Let Thine arm our safeguard be,
Hear the prayer we raise to Thee:
cr God of power, and God of might,
Shield Thy servants in the fight!

f Soldiers of the Cross, we stand,
Armed for battle by Thine hand;
Rock of strength to Thee we fly!
dim Hide us in adversity!
cr God of power, and God of might,
Shield Thy servants in the fight!

m Lasting are Thy mercies, Lord,
Truth eternal is Thy word;
Justice is Thy dazzling throne,
Yet Thou reign'st by love alone.
cr God of power, and God of might,
Shield Thy servants in the fight!

f Let the glorious Heavens sing,
Hallelujah to our King!
Earth and seas! repeat the word,
Men and angels praise the Lord.
O Defender of the right,
Shield Thy servants in the fight.

208

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

m Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
f Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

p Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
cr Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

f Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race;
ff Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

209

m O GOD, Thy faithfulness I plead,
My present help in time of need,
My great Deliverer Thou!
cr Haste to my aid, Thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor heart of mine,
That claims Thy promise now.

m For Thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy power can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon Thy love I cast,
dim And rest me, till the storm be past,
Upon Thy heart alone.

m Thy faithful, wise, and tender love
Shall every stumbling block remove,
And make an open way:
cr Shall burst the iron gates of death,
And bear me from the gulfs beneath,
To everlasting day.

210

m NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee,
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in Thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

f Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The rock on whose defence I rest;
O'er highest heavens His name be raised,
Who me with His salvation blest.

Therefore to celebrate His fame
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise,
And nations, strangers to His name,
Shall thus be taught to sing His praise.

211

m O GOD, who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night.

With age Thou growest more divine,
More glorious than before;
I feared Thee with a deeper fear,
Because I loved Thee more.

cr Father! what hast Thou grown to now?
A joy all joys above,
dim Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh, make Thyself more space!

212

m LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
cr Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

m See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
cr Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

m Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
cr Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord,

m Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
p Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
pp Peace in Thy heaven.

213

p DARK is the sky that overhangs my soul,
The mists are thick that through the valley roll,
But as I tread, I cheer my heart and say,
cr When the day breaks, the shadows flee away.

m I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,
Burning and shining must it ever be,
And I must tend it till the night decay,—
cr Till the day break, and shadows flee away.

m God maketh all things good unto His own,
For them in every darkness light is sown;
He will make good the gloom of this my day,—
cr Till that day break, and shadows flee away.

p He will be near me in the awful hour
When the last foe shall come in blackest power;
And He will hear me when at last I pray—
pp Let the day break, the shadows flee away!

m In Him, my God, my Glory, I will trust:
cr Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust!
Who shall come, will come, and will not delay,—
f His day will break, those shadows flee away!

f LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
m Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf;
dim Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

f Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
m Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky:
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

f Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
m O note the varying signs
Of earth and air and sky:
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

He comes the wide world's King,
He comes the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes to gild with light
The weary, waiting eye:
f Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

215

m CREATOR of the world, to Thee
Alone eternal rest belongs;
And heavenly choirs are ever free
To sing for aye their festal songs.

p But we are fallen creatures here,
And torn by trouble, toil and pain,
How then can we, in exile drear,
Sing songs of home,—the heavenly strain?

m O God, Whose promise binds Thee still
To set Thy captive children free,
p Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
That banish us so far from Thee.

Yet grant us faith and hope to rest
Upon Thy tender love and care,
cr Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
Those joyous songs again to share.

216

f WORSHIP and thanks, and glory,
To Him who lives to bless us;
Our God alone
Defends His own,
When tyrannies oppress us.

m We sing Thine arm unshortened,
Brought through our sore temptation;
cr With heart and voice
In Thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

m Thine arm has safely brought us
A way no more expected
Than when Thy sheep
Passed through the deep,
By Thy strong hand protected.

f Thy way was in the ocean,
Thy path in mighty waters;
m From sin and shame
In Thy great Name
Were saved our sons and daughters.

Thy glory was our rearward,
Thine hand our lives did cover;
cr And we, even we,
Have passed the sea,
ff And marched triumphant over.

m Sin, sorrow, death have perished;
God did our souls deliver;
cr And for the love
Which now we prove
ff We praise Thy name for ever.

217

p O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
cr Help us in thought, and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

p O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
cr O help us, Lord, the more!

m O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but Thee!
O help us so to live and die,
cr As Thine in heaven to be!

218

m O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all,
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
dim That lead our wandering feet astray;
cr At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

m O Love, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
cr In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

m O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
p When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
cr Turn Thou our darkness into light.

m O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
cr Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
dim In earth's last hour of fleeting breath,
cr Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

219

m DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

p With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

m Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire:
cr Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
dim O still small voice of calm!

220

p STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
cr Still will we trust in God.

m Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain,
Through Him alone, who hath our way appointed,
dim We find our peace again.

m Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good Thou hast for us designed;
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss:
cr Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

221

m ETERNAL Source of light divine!
Fountain of unexhausted love!
cr O let Thy glories on me shine
In earth beneath, from heaven above!

Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear:
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Unfathomable depths Thou art!
O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea;
With faith divine o'erwhelm my heart,
With love inspire and kindle me.

Speak to my warring passions, Peace!
Speak to my troubled heart, Be still;
Bring to my prisoned soul release,
Subdue me to Thy sovereign will.

Thee, Sovereign Lord, let all confess
That move in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
And live beneath Thy loving eye.

222

m O LORD! Thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far:
Thou hast a father's tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are:
cr Thy mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

m By faith I plunge into this sea;
Its living waters cool my breast;
Hither when ill assails I flee,
And find, O Lord, my perfect rest:
Sad doubt is fled, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that dwelleth here.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
cr Steadfast on this my soul relies;
Thy patient mercy never dies.

m Fixed in this faith may I remain,
dim Though my heart fail, and flesh decay:
m This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
cr Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

223

m WHERE dost Thou feed Thy favoured sheep?
O my Belovèd, tell me where;
My soul within Thy pastures keep,
And guard me with Thy tender care.
Too prone, alas, to turn aside,
Too prone with alien flocks to stray;
Be Thou my Shepherd, Thou my Guide,
And lead me in Thy heavenly way.

If thou wouldst know, thou favoured one,
Where soul-refreshing pastures be;
Feed on my words of truth alone,
And walk with those who walk with me.
I with the contrite spirit dwell;
The broken heart is mine abode;
Such spikenard yields a fragrant smell,
And such are all the saints of God.

224

m HE in Heaven who ever liveth,
Thus hath spoken: 'Not to you
Give I, as the vain world giveth,
Fleeting things and worthless too;
dim But my peace, serene, unfading,
Round your earthly steps shall shine;
cr All your heavenward way pervading
With a stream of light divine.

m Be not troubled, sad, or cheerless;
Trust in me and trust in God—
He shall lead you calm and fearless,
dim Through life's dark and varied road:
cr He shall bring you to the mansion
Where the spirit, blest and free,
Has its rapture in expansion—
Therefore trust in God and me.'

225

p WHEN the storms of sorrow gather,
O how blest
'Tis to rest
dim 'Neath thy wings, O Father!

an Dark may be the clouds and dreary,
Yet the night
cr Melts to light,
When Thou guid'st the weary.

m Sacred Shepherd! save and guide me:
If I be
Led by Thee,
Harm can ne'er betide me.

226

m YES! Thou art with me, and with Thee
I cannot be alone,
For joy shall bear me company,
dim And peace shall be my own.

p The solitude Thou hoverest nigh
Is peopled all with bliss:
cr The sandy waste, when Thou art by,
A verdant landscape is.

m There is no night, where Thou art seen:
No light can day afford,
Without Thy rays to gild the scene—
Without Thy presence, Lord!

Be with me ever! Ever bless
And ever guide—and be
cr In life's decay and death's distress,
On earth, in heaven, with me.

227

an A HOLY air is breathing round,—
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

O God! unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine;
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not Thee or Thine;

But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all Thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

So may Thy kingdom come, with grace
In every heart of man;
cr Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

m The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
cr The perfect power of holiness,
The omnipotence of Love.

228

p 'NO, not for these alone I pray!'
The dying Saviour said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head;

Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

No, not for these alone, he prayed;
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

m Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet
His feast of love to share;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
dim The memory of his prayer!

229

m O HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease!
And every heart harmonious move,
p And every thought be peace.

m Not here, where met to think of Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace Thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though Thou no more art seen.

'Thy kingdom come:' we watch, we wait,
To hear Thy cheering call,
cr When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

230

m FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly:
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
dim Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
cr Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

m Long have we roamed in want and pain ;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed .
p Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
cr Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

231

m WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
p And soft refreshing rain.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

m He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

m We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
p Our humble, thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

232

f COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
m God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

m We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

m For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home!
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
p Give His Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
cr But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

f Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
cr Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

233

m LORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd;
cr Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

m If Spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If Summer warm the fruitful earth;
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripen'd grain;
cr Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

m But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
cr When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
f We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

m Lord of the harvest! all is Thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
f New praises from our lips shall sound!

234

f THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
m The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

f Yea, bless His holy Name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
m To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

f The God of harvest praise :
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord :
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest-song
Bless ye the Lord.

235

m FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
cr Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

m For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
cr Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

m For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
cr Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

m For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

236

p LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

O Father! in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down;
cr Sustain us, Thou!

p By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
cr Aid us, O God!

p Tremblers beside the grave,
cr We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine!

237

m ANOTHER year is swallowed by the sea
Of sunless waves!
Another year, thou past eternity!
Hath rolled o'er new-made graves.

They open yet, to bid the living weep
Where tears are vain;
While they, unswept into the ruthless deep
Storm-tried and sad, remain.

And we are spared in love to wear away
By noble deeds
Vile traces, left beneath the upbraiding spray
Of empty shells and weeds.

But there are things which time devoureth not—
Thoughts whose green youth
Flowers o'er the ashes of the unforgot,
And words whose fruit is truth.

Are ye not imaged in the eternal sea,
Things of to-day?
Deeds, which are harvest for eternity,
Ye cannot pass away!

238

m ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting:
We deck thine house, O Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting:
And as the year's last hours go by,
cr We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

p Before thy mercy, Lord, we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
cr Recounting all Thy mercies now,
dim And all our sins confessing;
cr Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

p And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us:
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
cr To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

m We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies;
cr Thy wondrous goodness, love and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:
m For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy Providence hath found us:
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious Presence drawing nigh
dim Hath made all calm around us.

m Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
cr Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us:
dim Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
cr Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

m A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
dim And we shall be with those that rest
p Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my God, prepare
cr My soul for that great day;
O come and dwell within my heart,
dim And take my sins away.

m A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime:
p Then, O my God, prepare
cr My soul for that blest day;
O come and dwell within my heart,
dim And take my sins away.

m A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
cr And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
p Then, O my God, prepare
cr My soul for that calm day;
O come and dwell within my heart,
dim And take my sins away.

p A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
cr And we shall weep no more:
p Then, O my God, prepare
cr My soul for that bright day;
O come and dwell within my heart,
p And take my sins away.

m FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
p Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim!
cr This alone shall be my prayer,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

m Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
f Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

p If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadows come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
cr Let me think how Thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

241

f O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home:

m Under the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
cr From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
dim They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

f O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

242

m FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear!

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

p Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!

m Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown!

f So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

243

m O GOD of ages, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
cr God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

m Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us to-day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
dim Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
p Our feet arrive in peace.

m Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
cr Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

244

f O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

m The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
cr We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

m For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
cr Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

m We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

m Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
cr Repaid a thousandfold will be;
f Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

To Thee, from Whom we all receive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

245

f REJOICE! the Lord is King,
dim Your Lord and King adore;
cr Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

m His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet His thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
cr Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

m He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
And summer flowers are fair:
cr Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

m His autumn crowns the year ;
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn :
cr O happy mortals ! raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

m Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
cr O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

246

f THE billows swell, the winds are high ;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky :
cr Out of the depths to Thee I call ;
dim My fears are great, my strength is small.

m O Lord ! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm :
Defend me from each threatening ill ;
dim Control the waves ; say 'Peace, be still.'

m Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee :
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My haven through the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

247

m STAR of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me:
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
dim Far, far at sea.

m Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee:
p Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

cr Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
dim Far, far at sea.

m Star divine! O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

248

m O THOU who didst prepare
The ocean's caverned cell,
And teach the gathering waters there
To meet and dwell:
Tossed in our fragile bark
Upon the treacherous sea,
cr Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And sing to Thee.

p How terrible art Thou,
In all Thy wonders shown;
Though veiled is Thine eternal brow,
Thy steps unknown!
Invisible to sight—
cr But oh! to faith how near—
dim Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
f Thou shinest here.

m Snatched from a darker deep
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,
And waft them home:
m Home where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

249

m WHY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
cr Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
dim To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

m Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on;

cr Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storm defy;
p Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that the Lord is nigh:
m Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

Led to God by his direction,
We shall pass the watery waste;
In his Father's wise protection,
We shall gain the port at last!
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

O what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar:
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more;
dim Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore!

250 S. A. Brooke

m IT fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to his knee.

He took them in his arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
p 'Suffer these little ones to come
To me,' he gently said.

'Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childish heart your hearts within,
Unto my Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.'

m Master, I fain would enter there;
cr O let me follow thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

m Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self
cr Build up my life, good Lord.

m All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
cr Make in my heart thine Heaven.

m And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.

cr O happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

m Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

p So when, far fled from earth, I come
Before Thee, happy and forgiven,
cr The heavenly host may cry with joy,
'A child is born in Heaven.'

251

f CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey sweetly sing:
Sing your Father's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

m Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the saints have trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, little flock! ye stand
On the borders of that land:
Jesus, from its summits won,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
cr Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

252

m FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When in the joyous autumn morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

cr To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

m For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses ran:
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.'

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our childhood's fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
Our life and all its powers;
Be with us through the noonday time,
dim And bless our evening hours.

m In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
cr That we may serve Thy church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

253

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Suffer me to come to thee,
Pity my simplicity.

Thou wast once a little child,
Holy, harmless undefiled;
I will ever follow thee,
Thou shalt my example be.

Fain would I be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Subject to my parents' will,
Gentle, happy, wise and still.

Thou wert pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind;
Meek and lowly may I be,
Thou wert all humility.

Let me, above all, fulfil,
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek thine own,
Thou thyself didst never please,
God was all thy happiness.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am:
Live thyself within my heart,
Till I know thee as thou art.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Love thee all my happy days;
And the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

254

IN the dark and silent night,
Blessèd Lord, be Thou my light,
So shall nothing me affright.
Hallelujah!

Safely shadowed 'neath Thy wing,
Help Thy little one to sing
Glory to the heavenly King.
Hallelujah!

All is still; the evening star
Rides upon its golden car;
In its light Thy glories are.
Hallelujah!

And the moon, whose gentle ray
Glimmers like a softer day,
Seems to whisper, 'watch and pray.'
Hallelujah!

Softly nested like a dove,
I am happy in Thy love;
Angels watch me from above.
Hallelujah!

Angels sing, and so would I,
While upon my bed I lie,
Praise my Father silently.
Hallelujah!

255

m LORD, to live life again
Is not our cry,
p One tear to memory given,
cr Onward we hie.
m Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, should we plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

Why should we, if we might,
Retrace our way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watch is fled,
cr Morning's all burning red,
Hope's smiles are round us shed!
Heavenward, away!

p Where then are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight;
cr Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me.
Fly, time, fly speedily!
Come, life and light!

256

p FATHER! our brother's course is run,
And we bring home Thy weary son;
No more he toils, no more he weeps,
dim And shall we mourn because he sleeps?

m O welcome in the morn, the road
That climbs to virtue's high abode;
But when descends the evening dew,
The inn of rest is welcome too.

cr Thou say'st to man, 'Arise! and run
Thy glorious race with yonder sun!'
dim But, when Thy children need repose,
Their Father's hands the curtains close.

m What though, with eyes that yet can weep,
The sinner trembles into sleep!
cr Thou know'st he yet shall wake, and rise
To gaze on mercy's brightest skies.

p The fearful child, though still caressed,
Will tremble on his mother's breast;
m But he, she knows, is safe from ill,
Though, watched by love, he tremble still.

Lord! when our brother wakes, may they
Who watch beneath Thy footstool say,
'Another wanderer is forgiven!
cr Another child is born in heaven.'

257

BROTHER, thou art gone before us; and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear releas'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach his blest abode:
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust, the solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

258

m THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days.
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Then, Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

259

m O SWEET and sacred is the rest
Round the departed Christian's breast;
Serene the pillow of his head,
And sanctified his funeral bed.

Upon his grave the moonlight beam
Shines smiling, and the dews on him
Fall soft as on the loveliest flow'r
That decks the field or crowns the bow'r.

And if the sad and sorrowing tear
Be sometimes shed in silence there;
God's loving smile the tear shall light,
And make it as a dew-drop bright.

Then on the earth's maternal breast
In peaceful hope and joy we'll rest;
dim And yield us to death's slumber deep,
As infants calmly sink to sleep.

260

p GONE are those great and good
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn.
pp Peace to the reverend dead!
cr The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

m Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust,—
The truth that made them free,
Their scorn of falsehood's plea,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All Nature fills!
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
cr O let Thy light repose
On our free hills.

261

p THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
pp Low in the ground.

p The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
dim Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

m Ah! mourner, long of storms the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam;
cr Hope! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
p A quiet home.

m Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
dim And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

m A bruisèd reed God will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

O traveller in the vale of tears!
cr To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

262

m WHEN the toil of day is done,
When the race of life is run,
dim Father, grant Thy wearied one
p Rest for evermore;

m When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
p Peace for evermore!

cr When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
f Light for evermore!

p When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
cr Grant us, where all tears are dried,
f Joy for evermore!

m When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
cr Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

p When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
cr Lord of life! be ours Thy crown—
f Life for evermore!

263

m GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies!
All souls are Thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of sense set free,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
In life, in joy, in peace they be;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And thank Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear the world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

p O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
cr That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee!

264

m WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known,
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river:
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
cr Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

265

m LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
cr Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
f O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

Thanks we give and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruit of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

m So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay;
cr May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day!

266.

m OF Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless the word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain:
p O direct us,
And protect us,
cr Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more.

267

m LORD of our love, to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
cr We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
dim Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

p Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
m With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

p Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
m Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
dim Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

268

m THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
dim In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

p The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
cr Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

p The Lord be with us through the hours
Of slumber calm and deep ;
cr Protect our homes, renew our powers,
dim And guard His people's sleep.

269

f A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
m The ancient prince of hell
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden ;
f But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
m Ask ye, Who is this same ?
cr Christ Jesus is his name,
He and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

m And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore ;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit :
For why ? His doom is writ ;
f A word shall quickly slay him.

m God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
cr These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

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